

# THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

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BY HENRY M. WHITNEY  
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OFFICE—In the new Post Office Building  
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(For the Hawaiian Gazette.)  
To Punch Bowl.

AN ENTITLED CRITIC OF THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII, HAWAII.

Punch Bowl indeed! What rocker is gay voice  
Dance upon leather seats so light a noise?

The music here is in keeping, however, with what we see  
The people here feel in their hearts, however,

These thoughts trouble us.

An piano stirred up soul, around the house

Playful Island Girls, who like our native lasses

Show the allighted smile, but still all

No more the place of the singing tree

Up the evening sky with flute, but now

A noisy May who seizes the lava stream.

The oil-burning lights have kindled the heat

Of thy impassioned youth, and now, when

As age comes on, thou yieldest to old age.

From thy sleepless eyes, the sparkle was lost, when

The fire brooks in the morning sail,

And quickly over the ocean sail. Indeed,

The lighting which was once thy play, alone,

Can now be seen in the distance, when we see

Hawaiian Girls when the sun has gone.

Upon the other slopes, the tender grass

Languishes with the loss of shade.

The Lesser Islands shall sing, and all the world

A few short hours, when the world now

Under a thousand stars, yet strange would be

In the night long past, around thy tree

A tree of creation, or man, or beast, or bird.

Or thy fire, wild cap, would stand

With that, when where Indian dogs, many

Night comes on the ocean.

Honolulu, May 22, 1875.

—Variety.

The Car says he intends to "knock the stuffing" out of Turkey."

Food for the starving Bulgarians—The "protectors" of the protectors."

New York has chosen her spring garb—garbage.

"John, you said Sally knew you? Did you kiss her back?" "No, I kissed her face."

Why it's like this like the land of shadows? Because it is the shadow plane of good and bad spirits.

A young lady says: "I'd a' east wheel if my nose

were attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her

can't have one!"

The King of Siam has nine wives to support, and

when the woolly goat lies he looks just as careworn as the rest of us.

Somebody writes to a rural newspaper to ask "How long cows should be milked?" Why, the same as about cows, of course.

Never does down Main's way that one of the

paper notices the eighth anniversary of the drowning

to death of a litter of pigs.

Siam's Sultans has very good manners. But, then

to be sure, as you say, my dear, you wouldn't expect anything so darknesses up-right.

That portable stove, have half the fuel," said an

engineer. "Faint, thin, I'll take two of them,

and have it all," replied his customer.

The sensible note, who couldn't sit in the same

room with a man—an animal of his histrion, has

just been killed with a "barrel of apples."

According to Sam Weir, a source is a leg of

meat and trimmings, which is a source of damage?

One swallow doesn't make a spring, but nine

graham-bread out of ten, just when you think you've

got your hand on them.

"The widow mate," murmured a Basque street

neighbor, as he observed a source warning her

husband by a single string.

"What are you doing here?" asked a New York

police-man of a boorish individual leaning up against a

street lamp. "I'm the 'pig' in Siam's, the King, sir."

A Georgia negro twisted a man's tail to urge it

over a fence. The small omnibuses at the former

day showed that the people didn't care if they did

twist the male's tail.

Italian brigades now wear standing collars, plumed pins and alligator bows. It has always been

suspected there was money in it, if follow followed.

That part of mine's a wonderful bird," said

Santos. "He cries 'Sap, sap,' as naturally that

every time I hear it I always stop. What are you

all laughing at, any way?"

How to cure an impulsive attachment: Manufacturer—What is to be done, my dear? He positively loves on her." Manufacturer—Well, we must try to find him an antidote."

If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a

sooty and irascible judge. "I'll fine you a hundred pounds."

"I'll give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply.

A humor has reached town, that there is a shooting

in the northern part of the country, and an expedition

will probably be organized to capture him or

shoot the male's tail.

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The salman exhibited the article. "Are these

really English?" "Well," replied the salman, a little confusedly, "they were Mr. Moody's."

The Burlington Hawkeye relates that a disengaged

night editor, when he saw the report of a Tennessean

was took down the map, glanced mainly

over the field, saw what manner of name he would

have to read proof of this name, and went out and

shot himself dead in the nest.

Colonel—Foolish, and notorious gambler, the other

day met a friend who accosted him with, "How are

you Colonial? How have you been late?" "Oh

I had a great misfortune," replied the Colonel.

"I have lost Mrs. Brady." "How did you lose her?"

"Was she an actress?" "At cards or poker?"

"Poker, sir," said Lady Willow to David Hume.

"I am often asked what age I am, what answer

should I make?" Mr. Hume immediately guessing

her ladyship's meaning, said, "Madam, when you

are asked that question again, answer that you are

not yet come to the years of discretion."

The hostile Indians are coming it and surrounding

up these parts to the United States troops in the

Black Hills. They are in a starving condition, some

of them being too feeble to raise a whoop or a snap,

but when it comes to devolving rations they display

more energy than a day mole."

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